The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 767.] SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1836. [Price 2*d*.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE'S TREE.

(*From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.*)

How fondly do we cherish the slightest memorial of departed genius—how endearingly we prize the smallest record of lost worth! Thirty years have now passed away since Henry Kirke White cut the initials of his name in the tree represented above; near its root he loved frequently to contemplate, during the short interval of repose he enjoyed from severe study, in the year 1805.

In describing this part of the county of Lincoln to his friend, Maddock, in a Latin letter, he writes:—"Round about are rural villages, where oftentimes we wander after dinner. There is a village named Whitton, where, from a high hill, you are enabled to view the contending beauties of nature. Here, at one time, you may see the sun riding in all his splendour, and, at the next moment, view him eclipsed in the heavy clouds of thunder and rain."—Little time, however, did the poet allow himself for indulging here his flights of poesy: his mind, bent on the severer studies of philosophy, fatally soared above the capabilities of its nature, and, in the beautiful words of Byron, too soon he

> "View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
> And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart!"

Towards the latter end of 1805, he left the dwelling of the Rev. Mr. Granger, of Winteringham, (a village one mile distant from the subject of this Engraving,) for the purpose of going to St. John's College, Cambridge.—The Life of White, by Southey, is too well known to the readers of the *Mirror*, to need quotation in this place: we shall, therefore, content ourselves with more minutely referring to the subject of the wood-cut.

The tree so favoured by the young poet, grows on a dark, shelving bank, a stone's throw from Whitton, a village near Winteringham, where White sojourned for some

time. It has a twisting root, on which he frequently used to rest himself: probably, from this point he pictured Gondoline, who

> "Plung'd her in; the torrent moan'd
> With its accustom'd sound;
> And hollow peals of laughter loud
> Again rebellow'd round."

Some years ago, in the recollection of the villagers, were the following lines by White, placed upon the tree:—

> "Don't you see the silvery wave;
> —Don't you hear the voice of God?"

These have, however, long been defaced. Like the tree of Pope, in Berkshire, numerous visiters have cut their names surrounding that of White's; and this probably, or the too frequent dashing of the briny sea upon its base, has withered its upper branches. As the surge ere long may totally unroot this tree, to preserve it as a memorial of the young and pious bard, I send the accompanying sketch, which may be interesting to the readers of the *Mirror*. W. ANDREW.

Winterton. 28 - 3 / 9.

THE ANCIENT TRAVELLER'S TALE.

Come, mount upon my knee, fair boy,
The man with locks like snow,
With pursy, shrivell'd flesh turn'd blue,
And dim, red eyes,—thou fairy toy,
Would tell a dreary tale and true,
Of what 'twas his to know.

Nay, darling child, my looks are naught,
Right gruesome* though they be;
Once was I lovelier than thou;
Once was I lov'd beyond all thought;
But climes and years have changed me now,
And woes by land and sea.

To travel east, north, south, and west,
Hath been my doom;—'tis past:
Some million, million miles and more
I've wander'd, lacking food and rest;
But, oh! my blessed, native shore,
A grave shall grant at last!

Which best lik'd I, the land or sea?
In sooth 'twere hard to tell;
A small and tender lad was I
When lawless rovers captur'd me,
And both brought him keen misery,
Who loved neither well.

Yet chiefly would I talk of land
To thee; because the main
Is blazoned by the tongues of those
Who scarcely deign to understand
That perils, mysteries, and woes,
Curse mountain, vale, and plain.

The furnaces they little heed,
About the Line which glow,
Scorching and stifling men to death
Nor dream they of the horrid need
Endur'd by famish'd ones, whose breath
Is stay'd by Polar snow!

No note they take of cruel beasts,
Of men who fiercer are;
Those seize, and rend, and gnaw, and grind;
—These, at their diabolic feasts,
Gorge slash'd and roasted human kind,—
Than brutes more savage far!

In burning climes, dear boy, I've dwelt,
Where vast sand-deserts lie;
Where seldom gushing springs are seen,
Where never fresh'ning gales are felt;
And nothing shadowy, cool, and green,
Lives 'neath the fiery sky.

I've visited, now mark, my child,
The hideous Southern Pole;
That drear land, undiscover'd by
All travellers but me—whose wild
And wintry chaos, would that I
Could banish from my soul.

Words may not speak—thought fails to scan
The terrors of that shore;
There the dim, frozen sun crept round
A misty arc, a magic span,
But neither rise nor set, I found
For six long months or more.†

'Twas summer then, though keenly cold,
Though murk, in fullest light;
And hosts of nameless monsters came
To peer into my face—huge, old
Sea-demons, hideous but tame;—‡
Oh! how I pray'd for night!

And six months' wintry night, at last,
Immur'd them in the deep:
But, oh! their large, dim, mournful eyes,
Seem'd still to glare on mine; their vast,
Grim forms from ice-cells seem'd to rise,
Until I fear'd to sleep.

Ah, wretched, haunted one! no more,
Home, pole-star of my soul,
I thought to see—'mid the hoarse crash
Of ice-rocks, the dull, ceaseless roar
Of waves, the lurid lightning's flash,
And thunder's deaf'ning roll.

Yet, from this dreadful land, did I,
In famine, numbness, dree,
And darkness—(nay, the cold, blue glare
Of wildfires blazing o'er the sky,
Lent fiendish light)—put up my pray'r:—
"Good Lord! deliver me!"

And He, the secret call who hears,
The wrung soul's unbreath'd sigh,
Did deign to aid; His tempest rag'd—
Mine ice-bound bark releas'd—from fears
My heart unfetter'd, and assuaged
Its stormy misery.

Then the wan Polar Land I fled,
But sorrows press'd me sore:
Suffice, dear boy, 'midst heathen men,
I've labour'd, thirsted, burn'd, and bled;
The serpent's haunt, the fierce brute's den,
Been fated to explore.

Yet, praise to God! a heart to bear
These dreary things He gave,
With strength and deathless hope—for, oh!
All lands I've tried, and every where
Some anguish felt, some blighting woe,
Whilst others found a grave!

Yet, lo! kind Heav'n ordain'd that I
Beneath mine own roof-tree,
Should tell a traveller's tale of woes,
Perils, and marvels ere I die,
Nay, e'en the sin from whence they rose,
My little lad to thee.

Then hearken, hearken, darling child!
An old man's warning heed:
My mother counsell'd—"Shun the sea;"
I little reck'd, till pirates wild
Their lawless booty making me,
Repentance brought indeed.

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* Gruesome—an old term for rueful, ugly.

† Travellers to the North Pole are familiar with this astronomical phenomenon; it is here merely presumed to be the case at the unexplored South.

‡ For this idea, see Cowper's *Alexander Selkirk*.

That dearest mother, whilst her son
Was struggling far away
With dangers horrid, strange, and new,
Died of deep grief!—Hast thou still one?
Oh! learn what she would have thee do,
And dare not disobey.

For know, child! a mortal curse
Undutifulness wins;
It may not be far lands, or steel,
Fire, poison, famine, brutes, or worse;
But something dire all rebels feel,
For this most vile of sins! M. L. B.

AUTOGRAPHS AND LOCALITIES.

Collections of the autographs of celebrated personages of all countries having become so generally esteemed, the desires of collectors have by far outstepped the means of acquisition. Of many distinguished worthies, in numerous instances, there are but few specimens extant, and of these, no inconsiderable portion are secured in the public depositories, or in the *portfeuilles* of eminent, and wealthy individuals. Hence, yielding to necessity, in lieu of those of the rarest occurrence, the deficiency is generally supplied by well-engraved fac-similes, such as may be found in Mr. Charles John Smith's *Fac-similes of Autographical, Historical, and Literary Curiosities*, accompanied by etchings of *Interesting Localities*; the second part of which attractive work has lately been published. These productions, or rather reproductions, have already received the approval of autograph collectors for their closeness of imitation; and their selection is highly creditable to the Editor of the work, its contents being rarities of popular interest, connected with and illustrating important historical events, and singular traits of literary character; and the localities consisting mostly of natal houses or homes of genius, such as we are anxious to garner into our pages. A glance at the contents of Mr. Smith's *Curiosities* may, therefore, be gratifying to our readers.

Among the letters of persons of noble blood, are two farewell letters of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, executed early in 1572. The first addressed to William Dyx, his steward, implores his good offices in the care of the Duke's children after his death—"Forget me, and remember me in myne."—The second is a dying token of friendship, in the presentation of the duke's copy of Grafton's Chronicle—"I have no other tokens to send my fryndes but my bokes—Yours dying as he was lyvyng. T. Norfolk."

The paper found in Felton's hat, after having assassinated the imperious George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, August 23, 1628, in the High-street, Portsmouth. The original, with the great mass of the Evelyn manuscripts, is in Mr. Upcott's possession.

Letters of authors constitute the main objects of illustration: and among them are full specimens of Bishop Atterbury, respecting the time of writing St. John's Gospel; Chatterton's proffer to Horace Walpole of the fictitious priest Rowley's Ryse of Peyncteynge yn Englande, a manuscript purporting to be of the year 1469; Myles Coverdale's letter to Lord Cromwell, 1538, sent with the Paris printed edition of the English New Testament of that date—a document of high curiosity.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin's Epitaph on himself, as an old book, stript of its lettering and gilding; and his Good Night bidding, after having regaled at life's feast fourscore years, written in 1784.—The celebrated John Locke's letter to Sir Hans Sloane, suggesting a remedy for correcting the calendar, 1699. Bishop Potter to Bishop Atterbury, concerning a passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians.—Smollett's letter to Richardson, the novelist, 1756, apologising for some abusive notice of the latter in the Critical Review, with Richardson's letter in reply.

Dr. Robertson, the historian, 1757, intimating his being busied on his History of Scotland—"The History of a period, which, on account of the greatness of the events, and their close connexion with the transactions in England, deserves to be better known."—Sir Richard Steele, 1713, "talking in a strange dialect from a private man, to the first of a nation."—Laurence Sterne, to Garrick, soliciting a loan, to enable him to proceed on his Sentimental Journey.—Dean Swift's Journal to Mrs. Dingley, November 15, 1712, detailing particulars of the duel in Hyde Park, between Lord Mohun and Duke Hamilton, where both perished.—Horace Walpole, a long letter, 1777, confirmative of his scepticism on the authenticity of Chatterton's Rowleian verses:—"Change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday; but I have no objection to any body believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius!"

Of English poets, there are several interesting reliques, chiefly derived from the Upcott Collections.—The ballad of Richard and Kate, by Robert Bloomfield.—Queen Mary's Lament, by Robby Burns, the glory and pride of Scotland's bards: this poem occupies three pages.—John Gay, respecting the success of his Beggar's Opera.—A portion of the original manuscript versification by Pope, of Homer's parting of Hector and Andromache; showing the poet's alterations and amendments.—Matthew Prior, respecting the engraved portrait of him, by Vertue, after Richardson, at the expense of Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, whose Manuscript Collections are now in the British Museum. A page in Shenstone's autograph, from his unpublished poem of the Snuff-box, 1735;

successively possessed by Dodsley and Reed, and now in Mr. Upcott's library.

Garrick and the histrionic professors of both sexes, of his day, afford some rich specimens. — Mrs. Abingdon, Spranger Barry, Mrs. Cibber, Sam. Foote, Henderson, Hull, Gentleman Lewis, Macklin, Mrs. Oldfield, Parsons, Quin, of whom so many epicurean traits are recorded; the immortal Shakspeare, &c. from Mr. C. Britiffe Smith's Collection.—Verses, by Garrick, as an Epilogue to Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream; and Pitt, Earl of Chatham's Verses inviting Garrick to ruralize; from Mr. Upcott's almost exhaustless source.

The localities of particular events, the birthplaces and residences of distinguished individuals, are engraved from original drawings, and indicate correctness of taste, with ability of execution. They comprise a View of the House in the High-street, Portsmouth, where Buckingham was stabbed by Felton; the house in which Locke was born, at Wrington, in Somersetshire; Sterne's parsonage house at Coxwold; Austin's Farm at Sapiston, Suffolk, the early residence of the poet Bloomfield; Sir Richard Steele's country house at Haverstock Hill; Jordaens, in Buckinghamshire, the burial-place of William Penn, the Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania, accompanied by some autograph reflections, which occupy a whole page; the residence of Milton's friend, Elwood, the Quaker, at Chalfont, St. Giles's, Bucks; Smollett's residence, Monmouth House, Chelsea, in 1756; pulled down in 1833.

The Naturalist.

NOTES ON SOME MODERN NATURAL HISTORY WORKS.*

9.—*Swainson's Discourse on Natural History.*

"Bid me *discourse*, and I'll enchant thine ear."
Shakspeare.

Mr. Swainson should have called this book a Discourse on Zoology, as he has purposely excluded from his consideration that important branch of natural history — Geology, assigning as his reason for so doing, that "it more concerns the mineral than the *animal* kingdom"—(p. 429.) Though he defines natural history as embracing the consideration of "the different *animals, plants, and minerals*, existing on the earth," (p. 102,) yet it is clear that when he speaks of it, he usually means *only zoology*; for, at p. 108, he says that "natural history cannot contend with *botany*, in adding to the luxuries of the table, or the elegancies of taste." How, let us ask, can a whole contend with a part?

Notwithstanding this misnomer, these inconsistencies respecting the comprehensiveness of natural history, and the other points on which, perhaps, we may be critical, Mr. Swainson's *Discourse* is a very useful and interesting volume; so interesting that we have read it through twice. It forms the first volume of the natural history portion of Dr. Lardner's excellent *Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

Night-jar. — We are much surprised to find Mr. Swainson calling this bird by the objectionable name of "*goat-sucker*," (p. 114,) and thus fostering the old and unfounded notion of its sucking the teats of goats. We hope he is not so incorrigible as Mr. Hugh E. Strickland, who says he shall persist in calling the night-jar, "the *goat-sucker*, and *Caprimulgus*," because such were its first names.—(Analyst, vol. ii. p. 318.) Alexander Wilson, in his *American Ornithology*, observes that it is "worse than absurd to continue to brand this bird with a knavish name, after it is universally known to be innocent of the charge. It is not only unjust, but tends to encourage the belief in an idle fable, which is totally destitute of all foundation." As the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, (except the *bill*,) is required in natural history, we cannot be too particular in the choice of words which convey no wrong ideas relating to the beings to which they are applied.

Peacock, (p. 246.)—Mr. Swainson, when speaking of the characteristics of birds, says, "the peacock is known by its immense, fan-shaped tail." Again, "the glory of the peacock is its tail; it is, indeed, a splendid ornament, but it is an ornament alone."—(p. 256.) Suppose that the mane of a horse, instead of hanging over the sides of the neck, ran along the back, and then hung over the rump, would it be right to call it its tail? —Certainly not. A mane is an appendage that has its origin from one part; while a tail is an appendage that has its origin from another part. A mane has its use, and so has a tail; but the uses of both are different. Now that "splendid ornament" which is "the glory of the peacock" is not its tail, though Mr. Swainson regards it as such; for the feathers composing it, do not grow from the rump, but from the back. Gilbert White long ago said, that "a range of short, brown, stiff feathers, about six inches long, fixed in the rump, is the real tail, and props up the long feathers or train, which is top-heavy when set on end."

This is only one among many instances we have noticed of the fact, that when Mr. S. leaves for awhile his generals, his beloved theories, and descends to the consideration of particulars, he commonly falls into errors, greater or less.

Pachydermata, (p. 253.)—Having spoken of the diagnostics of the order Ruminantia, Mr. Swainson then mentions "the Pachyder-

* Continued from vol. xxvi., p. 404.

mals, or thick-skinned quadrupeds," as "belonging to the same order."

Now, this is all wrong;—the Ruminantia form one order, and the Pachydermata another.

Elephant, (p. 254.)—"The tusks of the elephant are no more than teeth, performing the same office."

What does this mean? The elephant's tusks are not its teeth, they are not used in mastication.

Horse's tail, (p. 256.)—Our good author says that the horse's tail "may be looked on as more ornamental than essential."

Though we have never previously entered into the very important inquiry—"Is the tail of a horse more ornamental than essential?" yet we at once answer at a hazard that it actually *is* more essential than ornamental. So *we* think at any rate, and, may be, our readers think so too. The Rev. Mr. Crowe observes, that the horse's tail, "when of its natural length, and with thick, flowing hair, materially assists the animal in active motion, especially in quick and sharp turns, such as are constant in skirmishing. We may perceive this effect in young horses curvetting and gambolling together, or during any performance of the *manége*, when they are seen continually raising, spreading, and lashing their tails around, in some correspondence with their attitudes; appearing, by means of them, to act with no small power on the air."—(Zoophilos, 3rd edition, p. 59.) It is a fact, that in the war with Spain, in 1762, the horses of the British cavalry not having their long, switchy tails to protect themselves from the swarms of annoying insects, became so restive and untractable, that, on the cause being generally remarked, orders were issued for the abolition of the cruel practice of docking in future. The poet Bloomfield thus compassionately addresses himself to the poor, curtailed horse:

> By th' unclouded sun are hourly bred
> The bold assailants that surround thine head,
> —— and with insulting wing
> Roar in thine ear, and dart the piercing sting.
> In thy behalf the crest-wav'd boughs avail
> More than thy short-clipp'd remnant of a tail,
> A moving mockery, an useless name,
> A living proof of cruelty and shame.
> Shame to the man, whatever fame he bore,
> Who took from thee what man can ne'er restore,—
> Thy weapon of defence, thy chiefest good,
> When swarming flies contending suck thy blood.
> *Farmer's Boy.*

After all this, pray what becomes of our author's strange notion that the horse's tail is more ornamental than useful?

Insects, (p. 261—274.)—Mr. Swainson calls "spiders, scorpions, crabs, and centipedes" *insects*.

This may be according to the system of classification at Tittenhanger Green, but it won't do elsewhere.

Progress of Zoology, (p. 345.)—Mr. Swainson declares that at present the science of zoology is "more retrogade than otherwise," and says that those who are considered its teachers possess no taste for cultivating its higher investigations.

This remark, with some few exceptions, is true, the majority employing themselves more in making observations on the habits and economy of animals, than in investigating their structure and anatomy. But, as we think the time has been when the latter were studied to the neglect of the former, we do not much regret the change.

Knighthood for Men of Science, (p. 413.)—Mr. Swainson complains bitterly that none of the five orders of knighthood are awarded to eminent men of science, whose attainments deserve especial acknowledgment; and he is very angry with an honourable member of the House of Commons, for observing that honours would not confer more dignity upon those who had already invested themselves with it by genius and talent. Now, we are quite of the same opinion with that honourable member. It is really laughable to hear Mr. Swainson speak of the humiliation which scientific men, without titles, suffer by being "jostled in the crowd, and ordered to make way for a city alderman, carrying up an address for which *he* is to be knighted," (p. 416,) and noticing it moreover, "as one of the inevitable consequences of withholding national honours from men of science." We hope we shall never see a system adopted of making eminent naturalists knights of the five orders, although there might be some propriety in calling a botanist Knight of the Thistle; but if Mr. S. wishes to be dubbed Knight of the Chimpanzée or of anything else, we shall of course not attempt to hinder his getting such a distinction, and he will have our best wishes that it may protect him from being jostled to make way for any alderman.

Zoological Society, (p. 444.)—"It is upon this," says Mr. Swainson, "more than upon any other society, that the benevolent duty devolves of putting aside a small percentage from their funds for decayed naturalists and their families. Zoological collectors, exploring wild and often unhealthy regions, are exposed more than any other description of men to the chances of a premature death. It is fit, therefore, that an association like this, should be mindful of men so deserving; and should they have families, administer to their widows and their orphans some small support out of their abundant wealth. What 'golden opinions' might be gained from all men, if the Society, for instance, set apart the shillings paid by their visiters to their museum, for the purpose of forming a charitable fund of this description! How cheerfully, for such a purpose would visiters part with their

money; for how nobly would it be appropriated!"

Similar views we have long entertained, though we had never fixed upon the Zoological Society, (as our author so properly does,) for carrying them into effect. We have never looked on that neat and quiet asylum for decayed Turkey merchants, Morden College,* without a wish that there were some similar institution for decayed men of science, whose labours might entitle them to a residence in it. Besides a library, it might have attached to it, if practicable, a garden, a museum, a menagerie, a laboratory, and an observatory; so that each inmate might still be able to pursue his inquiries into his favourite science, free from those troubles and anxieties which wait on distress. J. H. F.

THE SUN PERCH.

The sun perch, wherever found, (says Audubon, seems to give a decided preference to sandy gravelly, or rocky beds of streams, avoiding those the bottom of which is muddy. At the period of depositing their eggs, this preference is still more apparent. The little sunfish is then seen swimming rapidly over shallows, the bed of which is mostly formed of fine gravel; when, after awhile, it is observed, to poise itself, and gradually sink to the bottom; where, with its fin, it pushes aside the sand to the extent of eight or ten inches, thus forming a circular cavity. In a few days, a little ridge is thus raised around, and in the cleared area, the roe is deposited. By wading carefully over the extent of the place, a person may count forty, fifty, or more of these beds, some within a few feet of each other, and some several yards apart. Instead of abandoning its spawn, as others of the family are wont to do, this little fish keeps guard over it with all the care of a sitting bird. You observe it poised over the bed, watching the objects around. Should the rotten leaf of a tree, a piece of wood, or any other substance, happen to be rolled over the border of the bed, the sunfish carefully removes it, holding the obnoxious matter in its mouth, and dropping it over the margin. Having many times witnessed this act of prudence and cleanliness in the little sunfish, and observing that, at this period, it would not seize on any kind of bait, I made a few experiments one fine afternoon, for the purpose of judging how far its instinct or reason might induce it to act when disturbed or harassed. Provided with a fine fishing-line, and such insects as I knew were relished by this fish, I reached a sand-bar covered by about one foot of water, where I had previously seen many deposits. Approaching the nearest to the shore with great care, I baited my hook with a living groundworm, the greater part of which was left at liberty to writhe as it pleased; and throwing the line up the stream, managed it so, that at last it passed over the border of the nest, when I allowed it to remain on the bottom. The fish, I perceived, had marked me, and as the worm intruded on its premises, it swam to the farthest side, there poised itself for a few moments, then approached the worm, and carried it in its mouth over the side next to me, with a care and gentleness so very remarkable as to afford me much surprise. I repeated the experiment six or seven times, and always with the same result. Then changing the bait, I employed a grasshopper, which I floated into the egg-bed. The insect was removed in the same manner as the worm had been; and two attempts to hook the fish proved unsuccessful. I now threw my line with the hook bare, and managed as before. The sunfish appeared quite alarmed. It swam to one side, then to another, in rapid succession, and seemed to entertain a fear, that the removal of the suspicious object might prove extremely dangerous to it. Yet it gradually approached the hook, took it carefully up, and the next instant dropped it over the edge of the bed. W. G. C.

* Engraved in the Mirror, vol. xxv., p. 289.

The Novelist.

THE MAGIC SPINNING-WHEEL.

By J. K. Paulding.

There is not in the whole universe, old or new, a more beautiful valley than that of Williamston, in the county of Berkshire; which, by the way, ought to have belonged to New York instead of Old Massachusetts, if every tub stood on its own bottom. But this is neither here nor there; certain it is that a more charming summer region as where lies basking in the beams of the glorious sun, than that which is watered by the Hoosac and its crystal tributaries. It is environed by high mountains and shady hills, from which a hundred clear streams plunge down into the depths of the valley, forming the little river Hoosac, which alternately rushes, and sleeps its winding way, in curves more graceful than the boasted lines of beauty, until it is lost in its wanderings between groups of lofty mountains, that seem to lock their fingers together to forbid its escape and keep it there for ever. In one place the traveller looks down from the summit of some towering hill, and sees it winding its way like a glittering serpent through the green luxury of the meadows; in another he descends to the very verge, and there, cooled by the shade of the lofty elms that shadow its waters, and soothed into a delicious reverie by their murmurs, he travels onward in the midst of the music and all the other harmonies of nature. In the distance he sees the

fanes of the church and colleges of Williamston, with the little town perched on an eminence overlooking the river, and exhibiting that appearance of neat comfort for which all the villages of New England are so remarkable. The whole forms a succession of scenery associating all that is enchanting in nature, with much that is agreeable in the labours of man.

Of all the tributaries of the Hoosac, the little stream, called Green River, is the most charming, and at the same time the most fortunate, since its beauties have been consecrated to posterity by the genius of Bryant. The little classic nymphs, who love to gambol in other streams, never seek the Green River, except in the obscurity of night, since such is its matchless transparency, that it would expose their graceful limbs and timid beauties to the prying eye of wanton fauns and satyrs, ever on the watch to practise mischief on these innocent maids. It is a favourite resort of the speckled trout, always delighting in the purest waters; but like many other famous streams, its renown in that respect is traditionary, inasmuch as very few are caught here at the present day, except by certain outlandish fellows, in old hats and rustic gear, who seem to be good for nothing else in this world.

In the little village of Ashford, which lies basking along the bank of this delightful stream, right opposite a high peaked mountain, there dwelt, and still dwells, a female, now a comely, middle aged matron, but once a rosy-cheeked damsel, with full, clear eyes the colour of the firmament; a profusion of curling hair, that she could hardly keep from hiding her blue eyes and rosy cheeks; a most touching little round figure, well worthy of being looked at of a Sunday in church, and the best turned arm, and prettiest foot that ever manœuvred a spinning-wheel, or trod the banks of Green River in search of blue violets. Her name was Ethelinde, and it was given to her by an aunt, who had been reading the Recluse of the Lake, at that time just written by Mrs. Charlotte Smith, who had her nose put out of joint by the great Unknown, that every body knows killed all his predecessors stone dead with a single flourish of his pen.

Ethelinde being thus gifted with a romantic name, blue eyes, curly hair, a beautiful arm, a little foot, and a godmother who had read through six circulating libraries, was, as might be expected, very much spoiled in the bringing up. She was the belle of the village, and as fond of admiring herself as a peacock. She could not be persuaded to spin or do any household work, lest it should spoil her white hands; nor drive the cows to the field, or milk them, for fear of soiling her fine calico frock, which she prized the more from its being the only one in the village. I know the good people of Ashford will deny this, and perhaps the whole of my story, but it is true for all that; and those who doubt it, may inquire of old Squire Littleboy, who lies buried in the churchyard of Bennington, and who will convince any body but an unbelieving philosopher.

Nine tenths of the lads of the village were in love with Ethelinde. There was Orrin Neefus, the deponent, on whose veracity my story principally rests for the acceptation of posterity, and who was rarely expert in the art of teaching the young idea how to shoot; there was Timothy Bulwinkle, who made clocks that outdid time himself in running, being always beforehand with the old gentleman; there was Obadiah Hatwig, a most unaccountable hand at ram beavers, which he made to look just like anything, as every body said; there was young Doctor Gookins, who once cured a man of an obstinate circumbendibus, as he called it, and which consisted in walking crooked, and frequently tumbling down. Some said it was a dizziness in the head, others a weakness of the legs, but the honest man himself always maintained it was the falling sickness. Be this as it may, Doctor Gookins cured him in a most miraculous manner, only by persuading the tavern-keeper not to give him credit any more.

I should never have done, were I to record the names and avocations of all the village lads who thought all day and dreamed all night of Ethelinde Pangburn, whose mischievous influence well accorded with her name, for she inflicted burning pangs on all the unfortunate rustic Corydons, whom she treated with unrelenting cruelty, insomuch that Timothy Bulwinkle did incontinently leave the village of Ashford for some distant and unknown region, whence he never returned, so far as the deponent, Orrin Neefus, knoweth.

In the meantime, Ethelinde became every day more vain and idle. She thought herself too good to work, too good for the poor lads of the village, and too good for anything in this world but to read novels, and admire herself. Yet nature had made, or at least intended her, for an amiable, sensible, kind-hearted girl, as ever saw herself in the transparent mirror of Green River. There being at that time not a single looking-glass in the whole village of Ashford, she was accustomed to wander on the shady margin of the stream, admiring the figure of the graceful nymph reflected there, or seated under the spreading branches of some towering elm, gaze on her face in the waters, until, like Narcissus, she was almost ready to die of love. I dare say the good people of Ashford will deny this too, and try to persuade me that the deponent, Orrin Neefus, is mistaken in saying they had no looking-glasses at the time. But I have inquired into this matter, and now assert

without fear of contradiction, that the first looking-glass ever seen in that town, was a little oval one, worn at a spinning frolic, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and four, round the neck of a young damsel, as a locket, she not being acquainted with its proper uses. It was doubtless owing to this happy ignorance, that the females of Ashford were, and still are noted as the most industrious, unaffected, and clever in all New England, which is saying as much as can be truly said of any damsels in the world.

When Ethelinde was just going into her eighteenth year, there appeared, one Sabbath day, at the pretty little brick church that stands on the hill overlooking the village, a young stranger, who caused a great sensation among all the girls, and most especially in the bosom of our heroine. He was the only son of Deacon Allbeit, who for thirty years and more, had the entire management of the funds of the church, and was therefore, as might be expected, well to do in the world. Young Pliny, as he was called after the elder or younger of that name, I know not which, neither does the affidavit of Orrin Neefus explain the matter. Young Pliny had been sent to Boston to put the last finish to his manners and education, and after an absence of three or four years, returned with a new coat of the very first pretensions, which put all the honest swingtails of Ashford quite out of countenance. The next day, master Tryon, the village tailor, had divers orders for a similar garment, of which he constructed several base imitations, that were all turned upon his hands. Whereupon he shut up his shop in despair, and departed, no one knew whither, leaving the Boston coat master of the field. But I am getting before my story, as it were.

All eyes were fixed on Pliny instead of the minister, who became somewhat wroth, and turning aside from the subject matter of his discourse, did declaim vehemently against the fantastic fopperies of the age, looking at Pliny all the time, as did the damsels of Ashford, most especially Ethelinde Pangburn. If Pliny had not been bred up in Boston, he would doubtless have been out of countenance at the bright eyes directed towards him from so many quarters; but as it was, he only pulled up his cravat, smoothed down his hair, and looked as innocent as a dove.

That night there was a prodigious deal of dreaming in the village of Ashford, but nobody dreamed to such purpose as Ethelinde. She dreamed that Pliny Allbeit had come sparking with her, and staid till the cock crowed three times, saying each time as plainly as a cock could speak, "it will do, it will do." The next day, or perhaps it might have been the next day but one, Pliny established himself in a beautiful little temple, with a portico in front, all painted white, which stood at the junction of three roads, and was reckoned a capital place for business. He put up his sign as attorney-at-law, and displayed such a library of law books, as might confound a whole village. Nor was he long without business. A comfortable gentleman, well to do in the world, who every body said wanted nothing but a wife, being afflicted with squinting, and accustomed to keep his eyes always fixed on the minister on Sabbath day, while he was preaching, unluckily seemed all the time gazing intently in the face of Miss Patience Peabody, who sat in the opposite direction. The young woman, and all her friends, naturally construed this into a promise of marriage, and accordingly, as is too much the custom in certain places, brought a suit against him for breaking it, and the heart of Miss Patience into the bargain. Pliny was retained as counsel for the disconsolate fair one, and having clearly demonstrated that looks were the proper language of love, and that eyes might convey promises as clearly as the tongue, the squinting gentleman was cast in swinging damages. This victory established his reputation for ever; in a short time so many actions for breach of promise were brought against recreant swains, that a vast many of them fled the country outright, and this, as Orrin Neefus affirms in his affidavit, is one of the principal causes of the scarcity of husbands in this part of New England.

During this time Ethelinde had become acquainted with Pliny, who seemed rather inclined to spark it a little with her, but was doubtless on his guard for fear of being caught in a breach of promise. He had also other strong reasons against committing himself by any overt act, such as casting sheep's eyes, sitting too close in a sleigh ride, and the like. He was in truth an honour to the deacon, his father, being a young man of great good sense, sterling integrity, excellent disposition, and extensive acquirements. He looked for something more than beauty and a romantic name in a wife, and often sighed to himself, for he did not dare to let her hear him, for fear of the catchpole Cupid, when he saw how vain and idle she was, and how she spent all her time in dressing and gadding about, while her mother was attending to household affairs. He could not deny in his heart that she was beautiful, nor that she seemed good tempered, at least she always appeared so when he saw her, which was not very often indeed, owing to the apprehensions to which I have alluded.

As to Ethelinde, she certainly, at first, admired Pliny's Boston coat, next his person, which was very handsome, and last of all she fell in love with the beauties of his mind, the very best excuse with which a damsel can deceive herself. Whenever she walked out, if Pliny's office happened to be on the

side next her heart, she felt, as it were, forcibly pulled that way by some invisible influence, for which she could not account. But she always resisted the tempter, and prompted by that delicate apprehensive consciousness, always the inmate of a young female mind, made a point of never passing that way, unless certain that he was absent, when she consoled herself by reading his name on the sign. By degrees she left off walking about the village, to show herself, as she was wont to do, and remained all day in the house, every day except Sunday, when she went to church three times, and appeared as handsome and as devout as a little angel. She sometimes stole a glance at Pliny, but that discreet youth kept his eyes fixed on the minister, remembering the awful judgment that had fallen on the squinting gentleman. This total neglect to bestow even one look, made Ethelinde so pale and melancholy, that every body said she was either in love, or going into a consumption.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Manners and Customs.

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE, USED IN THE PRISONS OF ST. MARK, AT VENICE.

In the armoury of the arsenal at Venice are preserved, among other curiosities, four instruments of torture, the gentle means employed by St. Mark for wresting confession from the unfortunate victims of the "Three" and the Inquisition.

The instrument marked A, is an iron helmet. The poor wretch destined for torture, was seated, bound, upon a chair, when the helmet was forced upon his head and shoulders. His torturer stood behind him, and through the little holes, marked 2, thrust needles and other sharp instruments into the back of his head, behind his ear, and into the shoulders. By his side sat a secretary, who, leaning his arm upon a small shelf projecting from the helmet (4), listened at a door, (marked in the accompanying sketch by the figure 3,) ready to note down whatever the excruciating torments might wring from the sufferer.

B, represents an iron collar, which is bristled with spikes, which were poisoned.

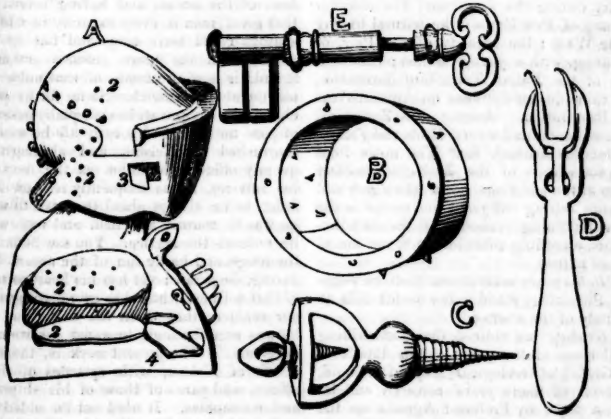
C, a thumb-screw.

D, pincers, which when heated, were used by the torturer for tearing the flesh.

Such were the tender mercies of St. Mark!

E, is a key of a tyrant of Padua, also preserved in the armoury. It contains, (as is shown in the sketch,) a stiletto, which was poisoned.

E. C.



(Instruments of Torture.)

Spirit of Discovery.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART FOR 1836.

[As in former years, we reprint the prefatory outline of the contents of this work. The present volume is rich in contributions to mechanical, chemical, zoological, geological, and meteorological science; with not a few aids to social economy.]

In the *Mechanical* department, we may point attention to a most ingenious account of the recent improvements in the manufacture of Carpets; the details of the machinery of the Greenwich Time-ball; papers on the application of the compressibility of Water to practical purposes, and of Electro-magnetic Power to Mechanics; the process of Zinco-

graphy; Mr. Field's evidence before Parliament on Marine Steam-engines; a description of a Wire Suspension Bridge, lately completed at Freyburg; an interesting abstract of experiments on the non-permeability of Glass by Water; notices of improved Steam-engines; and outlines of Manufactures of popular interest, as of Floorcloth, Pens, and Cotton. There are likewise some valuable contributions to the economy of Railways, as the details of the line from Manchester to Liverpool. This division also includes an enumerative report of the British Association; notices of its more important novelties being introduced through the subsequent pages.

In *Chemical Science* will be found an illustrated paper on the structure and origin of the Diamond, by Sir David Brewster; an inquiry into the phenomena of Spontaneous Combustion; the recent experiments in Kyan's process for preventing Dry Rot; the proposed manufacture of Paper from Bog Peat; a beautiful illustration of the evolution of Light during Crystallization; Melloni's experiments to elucidate the nature of Heat, and the same philosopher's observations on the immediate transmission of Calorific Rays through Diathermal Bodies; papers on the duration of Electric Light, and the velocity of Electricity; with notices of New Processes and New Chemical Facts, reported to the British Association.

In the *Naturo-historical* departments are many important papers. In *Zoology* are some interesting investigations of the transformation of Crustacea, and the anatomy of the Sloth; a proposed New Classification of Animals, by Professor Agassiz; a specimen of the Asiatic Orang-Outang, received in this country during the past year; the singular economy of Pea Crabs; the natural history of the Wasp; the identity of the Parr, or Brandling, with a young Salmon; the ingenuity of the Italian Tailor-bird illustrated; with valuable contributions on Animal Heat and Respiration. Among the Zoological novelties are noticed several Birds and Fishes, a Cetaceous Animal, &c. The notes from the proceedings of the Zoological Society glance at the additions to the Menagery and Museum during the year; and comprise the very entertaining economy of the Ornithorhyncus, a sterling contribution to our knowledge of nature.

In *Botany* are several new facts in Vegetable Physiology; and a few useful aids to the study of the science.

In *Geology* are noticed the most striking contributions of the year: as the details of Mr. Griffith's Geological Map of Ireland, the result of many years' research and labour; a paper by Professor Agassiz on the Fossil Ichthyology of Great Britain; illustrations of Messrs. Sedgwick and Murchison's Silurian and Cambrian Systems; and Dr. Buckland's notice of the Fossil Beaks of four extinct species of Fishes. Among the phenomena of the year are noticed a terrific Volcanic Eruption in central America; the great Earthquake in Chili; and a Live Toad found in Stone. The Fossil Organic Remains will be found as interesting as they are numerous.

Under *Meteorology* are noticed the Auroræ Borealis of November last, in a paper obligingly contributed by Dr. Armstrong, of Vauxhall; who has again furnished the Meteorological Summary of the year. Added to which are notes of the recent appearance of Halley's Comet; and some treasurable Barometrical observations, by Sir John Herschel.

The departments of *Rural Economy* and *Gardening* contain a few introductions and germs of new principles.

The Obituary Notices include some highly respected names, with occasional glances at their principal scientific labours; though, it need scarcely be added, that such notices do not pretend to the minuteness of biographical detail.

New Books.

BEN BRACE, THE LAST OF NELSON'S AGAMEMNONS.

By Captain Chamier, R. N.

[In this work, Captain Chamier has sketched and filled in, the whole-length of a thorough British seaman, in masterly style. Reader! in Benjamin Brace, you view "a seaman of worth and of reputation, the follower of Nelson, the mutilated of Trafalgar; you see him, one who fought side by side with the great hero of the ocean, and having served with that great man in every capacity in which a seaman could serve him, and having been wounded in the most glorious action on record, is now an inmate of that noble establishment—Greenwich. So far for his public character; his private life is equally deserving of your notice. In his early life he was distinguished by Nelson, and although frequently offered promotion as the reward of his services, he as frequently refused it, in order to be always about the man to whom he was so warmly attached, and with whom he entered the service. You see before you the rough and hardy son of the ocean, bold, daring, desperate; yet has his heart so much of that softness which has ever distinguished our seamen, that when the battle was won, he was ever foremost to assist his wounded adversary." The present work is, therefore, a life of Nelson, with episodes of Ben's affairs, and yarns of those of his shipmates and messmates. It need not be added that with such materials, Captain Chamier has produced a book worthy of his fame in nau-

fical literature. Scenes of pathos and broad humour, finely-drawn feeling, graphic power, and characteristic phraseology, invest the autobiography of Ben Brace with untiring interest; whilst they work out admirably that fine specimen of humanity — the British sailor. The book is rich in quotable passages; indeed, so rich that we are perplexed in our choice. However, for the sake of contrast, we take a scene from the gay and the grave: first, the marriage of one of Ben's shipmates.]

A Sailor's Wedding.

We mustered all hands of us by eight o'clock; and I'll tell you how we set about it: never was there such a lark at Portsmouth since the first day sailors were made. Bill and I, and some more, were all new-rigged from the mast-head downwards: and Betsy looked a regular sailor's wife, when she turned out, spick and span. It was not right for chaps such as we, belonging to the Sovereign, to be married like a parcel of soldiers, who march to church with their side-arms and stand all attention before the parson. It is all well enough for them to toddle on foot; but I was not a-going to smuggle tobacco after that fashion. So, first of all, I mustered my shipmates, and then set about the order of sailing. We were twelve belonging to the Sovereign, and Betsy had six belonging to her, to sail in her wake. They were all dressed alike, but Betsy was worth them all. We were to be spliced at ten, and we had only two hours to get the convoy together.

I felt my pockets—my money was safe; and I was up to the mark to do the thing like a good 'un. So I ordered all the coaches I could find. I got together six decent-looking articles, and we clapped our colours at the mast-head of the coachman. Some one said, they ought to be white; and I think it was old Drinkhard the landlord: but Bill, who had just taken a glass to the success of the day, shoved his fist in the old fellow's mouth; and says he, "White! why, you fool, do you think we are a-going to show a flag of truce to the parson? No, no; blue 's our colour; and if we go all fair and above-board, that's only what we ought to do: so up with the blue at the main;"—and we shoved large cockades into the hats, and made the horse-whippers show another from the breastwork of their button-holes.

Of course, bringing all the vehicles together in this manner made a bit of a stir amongst the folks about the Point; and they had time enough to reconnoitre our force, for when we got the carriages in line, as we intended to start, we hove about for a good swig to the honour of the bride; and in order to keep up the hearts of the women, we made them hoist in enough to fill their spirit-rooms. Well, time went on, and a quarter to ten came. "Now," says Bill, "heave and a weigh, my lads; and come, stick on the colours, and hurrah aloft!" So up I jumped, and handed Betsy into the cabin of the coach, with three more of her tribe, whilst I and Bill got on the quarter-deck.

"Heave and paul," said Watson. "I'm not going in this jolly-boat on wheels! I'll ride a horse, and keep a look-out ahead of the squadron; and what's more, I've one a-coming, and here it is, so avaust heaving a minute. Let's hang the colours to the flag-staff forward;" and he claps a bunch of blue ribbons round the ears of the animal, jamming it into the ears, and saying, "There, my boys; there's no mistake here; for as I make sail, they'll see the colours even out of the hawse-holes! Jump up, youngster," said Watson, "behind me; and now I'm off."—And off he was, sure enough; for he gave himself too much heel to starboard, and fell on the other side. We soon righted him, however, and he started ahead.

"You mustn't sit on the roof," said the coachman to me and Bill and Scrapehard, who had got on the quarter-deck of the coach, the old fiddler playing "Moll in the Wad," and slewing round on his stern like a fifer on the capstan when it's "up anchor!"

"Drive on," said Bill, "or I'm blessed if I don't sit on your shoulders! Why, here's a mutiny before we read our commissions! You are a pretty particular scoundrel to say that Tom and I, two fore topmen, are going to be smuggled into your stow-hole below. Start ahead and save the tide, or we shall have the parson a-lecturing us.—Make sail," said Bill, as he stood upright on the roof, "and follow the motions of the commodore;" and off we went.

"Oh! the Gibson ahoy!" said I.

"Hulloa!" said he.

"Keep close in the commodore's wake; and if your chap does not clap a little more canvass on his coach, do you supersede him, —do you hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Gibson.

Well, the chap that steered Joe would not crack on—not a bit: so Joe says, "By your leave, my man;" and he endeavoured to take hold of the tiller-ropes.

"No," said the coachman; "this is my place."

"Your place!" said Joe. "I'll let you know that I'll be captain of my own ship;" and he mimics an old skipper, who used always to begin with that when he intended to end with the cat. "So, out of the way, guardo, and make way for a stationer." The coachman still held on, and Joe still held on also. Joe got the whip, and began to bellows away at the nags, until the animals, not being accustomed to punishment, forged ahead in spite of the hawser which was fast to their bows, and they ran their bowsprit right smack through the after-panels of our

stern-frame, carried away the stern-lantern, and pooped the women.

"Up helm, you lubberly scoundrel!" said Joe: "I told you not to pass the commodore, but to back the mizen-top sail in time, and there you are right on board of him. Why, you lubber, you went end-on like a bull with his peak up;" and seizing hold of the tiller-ropes, he gave the larboard one a haul, the horses made a start, the larboard wheel got foul of a post, and over went Joe, coachman, and coach. Joe, who was like a cat, fell upon his legs without being hurt, and called out for the next ship in the line to take the place of the one capsized; but, as I was not going into action without all my line complete, I gave the signal to heave-to to repair damages.

The women in the cabin, finding themselves pooped, thought they were going down stern foremost, and roared out to open the cabin-doors; whilst Joe, and a landsman who was standing thereabout, lifted the coachman, who had been wounded in the leg, into a 'pothecary's, which was within hail. Leaving him there, we righted the craft, and Joe jumped upon deck, seized hold of the tiller-ropes, and made signal for ready for sea. We filled our maintop-sail and forged ahead; and Joe, who had got both lines, one in each hand, and who sprawled his legs out on the foot-rope to hinder his fetching way when she rolled,—for we were right before the wind,—looked as if he understood navigation. His eyes were wide open; but some of the ribbons got foul of his optics; his long curls—for, do you mind, in those days we wore our hair like corkscrews—got blowing athwart his face; his hat was cocked on one side, and his big chew was a little to leeward, although his tail stuck out behind like the staff of a rocket, to keep him head to wind. He got hauling at both ropes at once, so that his vessel was not under command; she had no steerage way, but just the reverse; for the animals made a stern-board before Joe could drop the steerage to get hold of the whip, and he backed aboard of the coach astern of him.

This threw the whole line in confusion; and when Joe started on end again, he kept yawing about like a pig in a high wind; it was hard a-starboard and hard a-port every moment. The squadron were all in disorder, and although Bill roared like a bull for the ship next in line to make sail and occupy Gibson's place, yet it was no use; there was not a master in the fleet who could take charge of a vessel in such rocky water; and the crews of half the squadron were in a state of mutiny. I think Gibson would have weathered the corner of the church after all, and come safe to anchor, if it had not been for about a thousand spalpeens of boys who kept shouting "A sailor adrift on a carriage!" and bobbing under the horses' noses until they got discontented at being worked so hard, and began to mutiny outright. One fired away at Joe with his heels, who dropped the helm and touched him up over the stern. This made both worse; for Joe had got all hands to the whip, and was only determined to punish his crew for their bad behaviour.

We had not got far, when we found the look-out craft hove-to and trimming ship.

"Hulloa," said I, "what's the matter, Watson?"

"We have hove-to to repair damages," said he; "for as I was steering end-on for the church, the craft got into a head sea, and after bobbing about run aground upon her knees, and shook my timbers a bit, for I went over the bows; whilst the youngster, as the ship lifted forward with the sea, slipped over the stern; but we shall be ready in a moment. I've repaired damages forward, and I'm shifting my ballast aft, for she sails too much by the head. I can manage her well enough now; but I think you had better shift the boy on one of your nags. So away with you, little one," said he, giving him a slap on the back; "and mind, do you hear? 'Victualled on board the day discharged!'"

"Come on deck here," said Bill; "and do you hear, turn to and dance us a hornpipe as we go along. Strike up, old Scrapehard! and tip us your best hornpipe, and, squadron make sail!"

In a short time we had got off the harbour and were unlading the cargo, when Joe came along, going about fourteen knots, his tiller-ropes lost, and his ship running away with him.

"Shorten sail," said Bill, "or you'll be aboard the church."

"Luff, Joe, luff, and weather it," said I. "My eyes! there he goes, right end on!" and down came the horses, pitching Joe over the bows.

"Nothing ever hurt his health but going without his grog. He was up in a moment, and reported that his ship was wrecked, her stem-piece stove in, and that she was bilged and lying over on her starboard side. The crew were all safe, and we prepared to enter the harbour. I caught hold of Betsy by the flipper; and Bill was behind with Moll Davis. She was rather the worse for her allowance in the morning, and would sing, although a chap who said he was a clerk in the establishment tried to stop her.

"To the devil wid you!" said Moll Davis. "Do you think, you black-looking raven, that I won't sing a song on the day of Betsy's marriage?" And she set off at the top of her voice, which was rather thick and hoarse than otherwise, and she bellowed out something about a "sweet William." Now it so turned out that William was the name of the soldier (Betsy's first love); and Betsy thinking it was meant for a shot at her,

turned round and whipped off the ribbon from her bonnet in a trice. I caught hold of Betsy by the arm, and Bill held Moll Davis, or we should have had a fight before marriage, for all the other women rushed up to take Betsy's part, except one or two, who always liked a fight, and therefore took the weakest side in order to make sure of one. This brought us all to our reasons, and we walked into the church as quiet and as orderly as men at a funeral.

Well, we were all ranged one alongside of each other round some rail-work, inside of which stood the parson; and he soon began to read something, which none of us seemed to understand, until he looked me full in the face with one eye, and said he, "Will you have this woman to thy wedded wife?" Now the parson squinted a bit with the other, and I thought his eye, which was looking towards his starboard ear, was upon Moll Davis; and as I understood the words to mean, whether I would take Moll Davis to my wedded wife, and thought that this was a kind of making peace after the war, I answered, "Certainly not, sir; she's abused her shamefully, and when this is over she may box her trotters where she likes." Bill cut in, and said he, "I think Tom is right; for she had no business to sing what she did." And Betsy said, "No, your reverence; she shan't come to me."

The clerk began to say something; but Bill soon stopped him by saying, "Avaust heaving, young man! hadn't you better take a reef in your jawing-tacks, and double your distance?"

The clergyman explained what it meant, and he asked me again: "Certainly, sir," said I; "I come here for that same purpose."

"You must say," said the clerk, "*I will.*"

"*Certainly!*" said I.

"That won't do," continued the devil-dodger; "you must say only, *I will.*"

"*I will,*" says I; "and now I hope you are satisfied."

We got through the business in about a quarter of an hour; and we were then taken into a room to sign our names.

Well, I never could write, for I never had no education like; so I clapped a cross, such as we make to the paper about the prize-agents. Well, Betsy could not write, so she stuck another. Then they told Bill he must witness it, and he couldn't write either: and then Moll Davis made her mark, which was a large black blot on the book; for she was then all nohow, and dabbed down the pen, and then shoved it athwart the clerk's muzzle. But the best of all was Bill when he heard the little chap in black ask for a fee.

"What's that?" said Bill; "I never heard that liquor before."

"It's money I want," said the clerk: "any little gift—a crown or so."

"Take that upon your crown," said Bill, and he put the clerk's hat on, and giving it one rap, flattened in the jib-sheet, and only left the mouth and chin to be seen.

"Now then," said I, after all hands had kissed Betsy, "the devil take the hindmost, and let's have a ride round the town. And, perhaps," said I respectfully, — "perhaps your worship will come with us?—we won't stow you in the cabin; you shall be up aloft amongst the seamen on the quarter-deck, where you can see the ship is properly worked." And I am blessed if I don't think he thought we were going to press him; for he sheered off, leaving his clerk to see us off.

No sooner was he gone than the little black fellow followed us out, and began to say something quite disrespectful to Bill; who quietly turned round, took the little chap under his arm, and clapped him in amongst the women. They began to play "none of my child," and shoved him about from one to another, until, as we were sailing along at a good rate, the door flew open, and out went old straight-hair, with a shot in his stern which nearly sent him across the street.

All Portsmouth turned out to see us. There was Watson touching up his horse over the taffrail, and it kicked up behind high enough to have lifted the spanker-boom from the crutch; and went on worse than ever. I roared out for him to pass within hail, but the animal would not answer its helm at all; but slewing round like a boat in an eddy, it made a start on one side, and in went Dick Watson into a gentleman's breakfast parlour; whilst away went the horse, tossing up its head and tail, and kicking and flinging in all directions: this cleared the passage for the squadron, and on we went through the crowd.

Whenever the boys cheered, I stood up and returned the salute with an equal number of guns. Slap we went through one street, down another; round one corner, then another; Bill and I on the top of the coach, standing on the roof and cheering. Old Scrapehard was fiddling like a good one; the youngster, with his hat held up over his head, was standing on one leg like a flamingo, and slewing about like a dog-vane in a calm; whilst the women had got their heads out of the windows and made more row than the devil in a gale of wind. At last the horses were near coming to an anchor without our ranging the cables; they were bitted already; so we drove down to the Point, took the bridles in, and got our crew and passengers all safe. Then it was that we got to work with the knives and forks; and we played a rare stick at eating. We stuck at it, dancing and smoking, until ten o'clock at night, when all hands were as drunk as owls; and I had given Betsy nearly all my money to take care

of, which she did right well, for I never could get a farthing back again.

So ended my marriage; and it was a real sailor's marriage, got up in a moment, and it lasted nearly as long. We got on well enough the next day: but on Sunday morning we all returned to our ships; and I told the first-lieutenant that I had got spliced, and asked to have Betsy aboard. The ship was going round to the River the next day, so I couldn't get leave either to go to her, or she to come to me. I thought, to be sure, she might as well have tried to have got alongside; but I never got a glance of her eye from the morning of our mustering on board until now. I got one of the purser's steward's lads, who could handle a pen without making a cross, and I wrote her this letter:—"Dearest Betsy,—Why don't you come alongside in the bum-boat? I have been standing in the starboard fore-chains from one till four bells, overhauling the craft which came within hail. Come, that's a good girl! up stick and make sail! If I can only get a word with you under the bows, I'm satisfied."

Well, what do you think she writes to me, or gets somebody else to write to me?—

"Old Tom,—I know you are ship-bound, church-bound, and poverty-struck; you belong to no parish but *Port Sea*, and you may whistle for good luck and for Betsy Matson."

It ran right into my heart, and gave me the hiccups for a fortnight; and *I* never was all right in the head until I heard she had married the soldier under another name, and that I had saved my allotment.

(To be continued.)

The Public Journals.

A WORD FOR WINTER.

If there is any being that ought to be more especially grateful than another to the maker of this beautiful world, it is the painter; by that organ, which others may think only given to mankind to see about their ways and businesses, does he extract from universal nature the most perfect delight—I say perfect, for it gives him a new sense, a perception of the infinite beauties of the only works that are perfect. There is not a spot nor an hour where and in which the sketcher may not find something to admire—he has ever something to collect, to treasure up, not like the common collectors of curiosities, for idle gaze, but for positive use, to stimulate his fancy into a faculty of combination, the poets' and painters' gift alone, a gift that confers, as far as we are capable of receiving it, a delight which resembles no other, not so much of imitating, but of creating. The artist will take storm and sunshine from the natural world, to enliven or display the wonders of his ideal; he lays every season under contribution, and, by the intense occupation of his mind under its converting power, that scenery and those effects which fill others with melancholy gloom, but furnish him with pleasures; and they are the greater, perhaps, as they direct his genius to higher conceptions. He would be but a poor artist, who would limit his studies to one month, or to one season of the year. Let the sketcher see all—note all—for beauty is that gift to nature, when it was first pronounced good, that has never been, and never will be, entirely withdrawn. Materials are always before the painter; he may make a bad or a good use of them, according to the wholesome or evil education that he has given to his taste. I never recollect a winter season to have been more rich in exquisite effects than the present. The hoar frost about Christmas was most fascinating, it had nothing of the coldness of winter—it was joyous—the earth was garlanded with silver, and the sky, though not light, was luminous, so as at once to set it off by colour, and to make it sparkling and brilliant. Spring was never more gay. The local circumstances, perhaps, gave a peculiar charm to my mind, and they constituted the poetry of the scene, and, therefore, made the picture complete. It happened to be one of those days of annual parochial gifts, when the poor rejoice in comforts, the bequests of pious and benevolent persons. The smoke was curling from the poor man's cottage, and ascending, like thankfulness, heavenward; and, in return, the sky sent down a lustre over the earth. Winter came not on that day with a shrivelled and niggard aspect, frowning upon poverty, but with a sack of plenty on his shoulders, and a bidding of welcome—not busybodyism, but celestial charity may have been walking about all village ways, and in the fields; and after showing her cheerful, healthy face at the poor man's table, and blessing his fields, went forth into the fields to see that the cattle were fed, and as she touched with her fingers the new cut mow, it gleamed like gold—merry children followed her, and sunshine played about her footsteps, and the frosted hollows were like silver cups gilt within. How exquisitely beautiful were the hedges;—such tracery, and every thing in them so bent, and communicating with each other, as if conscious of, and pleased with, their festoonery of silver—and in the sheltered places, the little leaves, partly dotting the shade with white, and partly enlivening it with their evergreen tint, shining amidst red berries that were still uncovered; these small, bright leaves of green were tokens left, as the rainbow in the heavens, to give security of the entire recovery of refreshing green, when nature may choose to assume it. There never was poet or painter, who did not receive into his creed

a fellowship of life and sensation with every object of the vegetable world—nay, with all nature as a whole, and in all the detail: rocks and stones, leaf and blade, to their imaginations, are endowed with feeling; and there is not a desolate scene under a dreary sky, that does not, to their fancies, seem to feel its own misery—and thus they sympathise with universal nature. This is strictly true; and if there be any that read this, and have not felt it, they are no painters, and have no touch of poetry in them—they may laugh at the conceit, but the painter will acknowledge the truth.

On the day of my admiration of the hoar frost, the sympathy felt with all that was seen was a sympathy of lively joy, of health, of sportiveness, as if the landscape had put on a white dress to make holyday, and it was impossible to admit a thought that was not in its holyday trim.

Look at the trees, quoth Fancy; see how they meet together, how they stretch out their graced and graceful arms; and all, multitudinous as they are, seem conscious of each other's presence, and are glad—it is now their assembly season—their holyday of joy and pleasant idleness. In the spring they must work hard, and manufacture shade for us, and leaves for millions of creatures to furnish both shelter and food, and then they are shut up in their manufactory, and can see nothing of each other, for their leaves and industry; but now their work is over, pleasure begins, and see how they visit each other, and acknowledge the gratification. Come, Sketcher, with your pencil and palette, for here are form and colour—look at the greenish, brown stems, here slightly touched with silver, and here with amber, and why should you lament the loss of the rich, summer hues? And if you would learn drawing, you never can have so glorious an opportunity. They are all stripped bare before you, like Academy figures, and there is strength, beauty, and grace in every limb; and they will be pleased at your attention. Scoff not at Fancy's exhortation; fancy and truth are nearer akin than either judge or jury will allow; and her lectures are from a pure source.

Winter has its cheerful views: the blessed season I have been describing, that of the Nativity, brought to my mind Milton's Holy Hymn.—How did he keep his Christmas eve? noting such a beautiful, starry night as preceded our return of the blessed day—

"Now while the Heaven by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no point of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright."

He does, indeed, begin his hymn—

"It was the winter wild;"

but the wildness soon is dispersed, and Nature—

"Only with speeches fair,
She woos the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with *innocent snow*."

How soon is the scene changed, and the cheering idea embodied—

"But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land."

Here is no dreary winter scene: if it was a season of snow, the poet's genius animates it—it is the "innocent snow," conscious of the presence of divine innocence. The wise men, when they journeyed to make their offerings to the lowly babe, may have found all around garlanded with the hoar frost, and the lowly shed more richly ornamented than halls of silver palaces; and then glad was the aspect of heaven and earth, and frosted brightness, and starry splendour, at the contemplation of which, and the glory they announced, the poet's heart indeed rejoiced, and dwelt upon the vision.

"But see, the Virgin blest,
Hath put her babe to rest."

No more, then, of churlish winter, if it bring health, cheerfulness, and a season of holy joy, of human charity, and is withal thus lustrous with beauty.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

In 1603, the English army in Ireland, subscribed 1,800*l.* for purchasing a library for Trinity College, Dublin.—*George.*

The first time the character of a nabob was brought out on the English stage was by Rowe, in the comedy of *The Biter*, under the name of Sir Timothy Tallipoy.—*George.*

In the preface to the works of Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, in the time of Queen Mary, are displayed upon a shield surmounted by a mitre, *three combs*; the good bishop priding himself upon being lineally descended from the barber of William the Conqueror.—*George.*

Marylebone Almshouses.—Several plans, specifications, &c., with estimates, have been gratuitously offered by architects for the erection of almshouses, for the aged and the unfortunate, residing in the parish of Marylebone. A freehold piece of ground has been given by Colonel Eyre for the purpose, pleasantly situated on Primrose Hill.—*Architectural Magazine.*

Hatfield House.—Part of this venerable mansion, a generally acknowledged first-rate specimen of Elizabethan architecture, was destroyed by fire on the 27th of November last year; being, however, insured in the Sun

Fire Office, to a large amount, it will be restored without much difficulty: this is to be performed by Messrs. Webb, builders to the fire office, at the cost of 15,00*l*.—*Ibid.*

Courteous Forbearance.—A gentleman, making a morning call upon a late county member of great taste and scrupulous courtesy, was accompanied into the library by a beautiful kid, which he found standing at the street door. During the conversation, the animal proceeded round the room, examining the different objects of art with ludicrous curiosity, till, coming to a small, bronze statue, placed upon the floor, he made a butt at it, and knocked it over. The owner of the house taking no notice, his visiter observed: "That kid is a special favourite, I perceive: how long have you had it?"—"I had it!" exclaimed the virtuoso in an agony, "I thought it had been yours."—"Mine!" said the gentleman, with no less astonishment, "it is not mine, I assure you."—Whereupon they both rose, and by summary process ejected the intruder.—*The Original.*

True courage is that which is not afraid of being thought afraid; the rest is counterfeit. Such for the most part is duelling courage.—*Ibid.*

A distinguished ornament of London society, about half a century since being at Bath, was accustomed to converse familiarly with a sort of small gentleman, who frequented the same bookseller's shop. Some time after his return to town, he was accosted in St. James's street by his watering-place acquaintance.—"I beg your pardon, sir," he replied, "but really I do not recollect to have seen you before."—"Oh, yes, you saw me at Bath."—"I shall be most happy to see you at *Bath* again."—*Ibid.*

Mr. Pitt, once speaking in the House of Commons in the early part of his career, of the glorious war which preceded the disastrous one, in which we lost the colonies called it "the last war." Several members cried out, "the last war but one." He took no notice, and soon after repeating the mistake, he was interrupted by a general cry of "the last war but one, the last war but one."—"I mean, sir," said Mr. Pitt, turning to the speaker, and raising his sonorous voice, "I mean, sir, the last war that Britons would wish to remember;"—whereupon the cry was instantaneously changed into an universal cheering, long and loud.—*Ibid.*

At Helton, in the parish of Askham, Cumberland, at the end of the tithe barn, was formerly a stone seat, where the inhabitants met for the purpose of transacting their parochial affairs. He who came first waited till he was joined by the rest; and it was considered a mark of great rudeness for any one to absent himself from the meeting. After conferring on such matters as related to the parish, they separated, and each returned home. W. G. C.

Calamy, the celebrated presbyterian minister, on one occasion objected to Cromwell assuming the supreme power as Protector, as being, in his opinion, both unlawful and impracticable. Cromwell observed, he cared little about the lawfulness; "but why, may I ask you," he replied, "is it impracticable?"—"Oh!" observed the divine, "it is impracticable, inasmuch as it is against the voice of the people: you will have nine in ten against you."—"Very well, sir," replied Cromwell, "but what if I should disarm the nine, and put the sword into the tenth man's hand; would that not do the business, think you?" The events which succeeded, prove that Cromwell not only entertained the opinion he thus expressed, but that he also acted upon it. W. G. C.

Mr. Freeling, during his late visit to Paris, concerning a few important alterations to be made with regard to foreign letters, declared that the Post Office lost at least 25,000*l*. a year by the number of letters sent through the medium of the ambassador's bag. It was only last year that a pair of boots and a great coat were expedited from London to Paris through the accommodation of the bag.—*Paris Advertiser.*

Stock-jobbers—Bears and Bulls.—He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is said, proverbially, to sell the bear's skin while the bear runs in the woods: and it being common for stock-jobbers to make contracts for transferring stock at a future time, though not possessed of the stock to be transferred, were called sellers of bear-skins, or "bears."—*Ibid.*

Duration of Life in France.—The average length of human life in France is 33 years, 8 months, and 11 days.—*Ibid.*

Ancient Coins.—Some time since, in a garden at Valonge Manche, in France, an ancient sarcophagus was discovered, containing a skeleton, which, on being exposed to the air, crumbled into dust. It had in its mouth, a piece of silver about the size of a sou, with the inscription, MES. IMP. on one side, and DIC. GAL. on the other; at the feet of the skeleton was a silver case, a foot long and eight inches deep, containing 150 coins or medals, in bronze, silver, and gold, and bearing the effigies of Cæsar, Pompey, Mithridates, Cleopatra, Philip of Macedon, Hannibal, Scipio, Sylla, Africanus, Crassus, &c. W. G. C.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; at 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfort, and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.